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THE

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REGISTER.

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THE

# AMERICAN CHURCH MISSIONARY REGISTER.

"As the truth is in Jesus."—EPHESIANS 4:21.

"Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel."—1 CORINTHIANS 9:16.

"The only ground whereon we stand  
Is Christ and His most precious blood,  
The only aim of all our band  
Is Christ, our highest, only good;  
The only rule we understand  
Is His own living, mighty Word."

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## ENCOURAGING PROGRESS OF MISSIONS.

THE Rev. Dr. Thomson, of Edinburgh, in one of his missionary lectures, speaks eloquently of the steady and silent progress of the kingdom of God in our modern Christian missions. Leaving for the time statistics and arithmetical figures, with their unanswerable arguments, he dwells with inspiring satisfaction on the large increase of missionary hymns in our devotional literature, and the yet larger growth of our periodical missionary intelligence.

"There are good men who linger among us 'even unto this day,'" he says, "who can remember the time when *The Evangelical Magazine*, then in its honorable youth, promised to gratify its readers with one page of missionary intelligence in each number, as often as intelligence sufficient to occupy a single page could be procured! And with the whole missionary world to gather from, the requisite amount of information could not always be obtained, and the consecrated space needed to be filled with other matter." The time has come when the scores of monthly periodicals on both sides the sea are insufficient to keep pace with

the wants of the church, and "men of enlarged sympathies and charities are acknowledging the necessity of some new document that will make it possible for them to master, within a moderate space of time, the recorded results of the entire mission field."

Then it is impossible to look into our secular literature without marking the respectful tone in which it has come to speak of missions and missionaries.

The time for ignorant defamation or malignant aspersion of the advance-guard of the church has passed away.

Even the articles of the Rev. Sydney Smith on Methodism and Missions are regarded as nothing more than ignorant and clever burlesques; and while they are still read at times for their reckless wit, no sober man ever thinks of reading them for their argument.

And even when the remote and more important results of missions in their effects upon the immortal destinies of men are kept out of view, and their immediate and tangible fruits alone are looked at, they are admitted, by thousands who have never identified themselves with the missionary move-

ment, to be a great and benignant power on the earth. As the frequent pioneer of commerce, the founder of schools, the agent of civilization, the instructor of the savage in the industrial arts, the arbiter and peacemaker between contending tribes, the defender of the oppressed against the oppressor, how much is the missionary accomplishing every day, even by the mere secondary and incidental effects of his labors, for his suffering race.

There is not a department of useful science whose stores the missionary has not enriched.

Men like Duff, with his eloquence and his schools, or like Dwight, with his calm energy and shrewd foresight, or like Livingstone, finding his way in safety where no common travelers could penetrate, doing the work of a whole company of *savants*, and rendering the entire circle of the sciences his debtor, are not of the class who can be extinguished with a sneer; and it is a cheering hope that multitudes of irreligious men of generous spirit may be led by the consideration of these deeds of prowess and of mercy, these clusters dropped by the wayside, to explore for themselves, and even enter in and take possession of the glorious promised land of which they are the first-fruits, and to which the Lord of that land so graciously invites them.

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EVANGELICAL ANNIVERSARIES.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the officers of our several evangelical societies to hold their anniversaries in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, during the second week in November. The meetings connected with the anniversary of the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Knowledge will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 9th; those of the American Church Missionary Society will take place on Wednesday, 10th; and those of the Evangelical Education Society on Thursday, 11th.

We desire to call special attention to these anniversaries. More and more the interests of evangelical truth in our church have been found to be identified with these societies, and more and more have the affections of brethren, clerical and lay, who hold distinctly evangelical views, become concentrated upon them. It seems proper that the organ of the American Church Missionary Society should speak for all these associations, not merely because the same class of men are interested in them all, but for the reason that the prosperity of our missions is intimately associated with the success of the other societies. Our missionaries are supplied with books from the shelves of the E. K. S. And if the contributions to its funds were large enough to warrant it, the missionaries would undoubtedly be largely aided in gratuitous distribution in their work. The Evangelical Education Society trains men for our missionary work, and upon its prosperity, therefore, in the number and excellence of the clergy it gives to the church, will the extent and character of our missionary operations depend.

We do well, therefore, not to think of these kindred agencies as independent, but as intimately related and interdependent. We trust the attendance will be larger than ever before, and that the interests of all the societies will engage the earnest deliberations of all. The times are serious, the call for work loud; and no one is at liberty to feel indifferent to the cause we represent.

With regard especially to the Church Missionary Society, questions of great importance will almost of necessity arise. How are our missionary operations to be enlarged, so as to cover the ground open to us, more effectually? By what means can the treasury of the society be better filled, to meet the demands of the work already on hand? How can a larger portion of the funds

that now reach other objects, *through* our treasury, be secured for our proper mission work, and the society thus become less a mere distributing agency? What relation shall the society assume toward the foreign missionary work? These, and other questions, will no doubt be discussed at our meeting, and we trust our brethren will come prepared to give their best wisdom to the consideration of all legitimate subjects connected with the society's interests. We confidently expect a season of much interest and profit.

## Editorial Miss. Sketches.

THE GRAND LIGNE MISSION IN LOWER CANADA.

NO. SIX.

THE promise of our Master, surer than the everlasting hills, will never fail of its fulfillment, "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy." This was the experience of Madame Feller on her return from her sorrowful sojourn among strangers, as she found one after another brought to the feet of her Saviour, who but for the persecution that had driven her and her little fugitive band across the border of Canada might have lived and died in careless unbelief. Many, doubtless, will yet arise to call her "blessed," in the great day of the revealing of all hearts, who had no opportunity to express their thanks to her on earth; for thus it pleases the Lord to vail for a time the "light" that "is sown for the righteous," that He may shield their humility from blight and foster their dependence upon Him. But for their encouragement, and as they are able to bear it, the gladdening results of their work for Him are from time to time revealed.

Among the first-fruits of the harvest, in Madame Feller's late place of refuge, was a young woman who proved to be

a precious gift of God to the mission household.

Domitile had been brought up a Romanist, but while living in the family of a pious lady of Champlain, who often read the Bible to her, she became convinced of the errors of her belief and of the sinfulness of her heart.

Her health at this time was feeble, and she wished to obtain a situation where she could find some rest for her exhausted frame, and instruction also for her thirsting soul. To be near Madame Feller, whose teachings had been the means of bringing light and peace to her, seemed assuredly one of "the best gifts" that she might lawfully "covet." She therefore offered her services to Madame Feller, when about to return to Grande Ligne, and was received into the household.

Under this lady's care, her health improved, her mind was developed, and her faith strengthened. She was carefully instructed in every department of domestic labor, and, grateful affection quickening her efforts to learn, she soon became a most efficient workwoman. As months passed by, new members were received into the family, and it continued to increase until the little mission home was overflowing.

Madame Feller urged her, as her tasks became heavier, to receive higher wages; but having imbibed some of the disinterested spirit of her mistress, she constantly declined, and it was only by positively insisting on it, that she could be prevailed on to accept of higher remuneration when her work had increased tenfold.

She would frequently come to Madame Feller and say, "It grieves me to take money from you. I do not think I am doing right. It is so little that I can do to show my love and gratitude to my Saviour, that I beg you will let me freely give that little." Madame Feller answered that she thought her scruples unfounded, that she could



serve God as acceptably while receiving the means of her own support, and advised her to seek divine direction in earnest prayer.

As she continued to urge her request, Madame Feller said, "But what will you do for clothes?" "You will give me what you can not use," she answered. "But often I am so poor that I can not supply my own necessities; how can I give to you in such a case?" "Then," she said, "I can do as you do; when you suffer, I will suffer too. I have no talents, no ability to teach my poor countrymen. Let me serve God, in the only way left me, by serving His children. You will not then be obliged to interrupt your good work of teaching the knowledge of the Saviour to attend to household affairs. While I prepare food for their bodies, you will distribute to souls the bread of eternal life."

Unable to turn aside the arguments of persevering love, Madame Feller yielded to her request. "Henceforth," she said, "you shall be to me as a daughter. What I have, I will share with you; and when I have nothing, we will bear privation together." "Understand me, however, madam," she said, "I do not in the least change my condition by this arrangement. I am your servant, only your servant, still. That is the sphere of duty in which God has placed me, and in it I mean to continue."

From that time, in the midst of most laborious duties, her love and fidelity kept pace with them all.

It was happy for Madame Feller that she had secured in this humble friend, a safe companion for the younger members of the mission family, who, being early taught to take their part in domestic affairs, were thrown into frequent contact with her.

Prayer seemed indeed her vital breath, and whether about her work, or kneeling in her little garret, she so evi-

dently lived near to her Saviour that her whole life spoke for Him.

While Madame Feller was sick, her many toils were greatly increased. The invalid could be lodged nowhere but in the garret, and Domitile's peculiar sphere of duty was in the lowest story. Still Domitile contrived, without neglecting her work, to wait upon and nurse her with the tenderest solicitude. When her day's work was finished, she would ask permission to come and pray at the bedside of her beloved mistress, who always found in the humble, heart-warm supplications of this faithful girl a comfort and refreshment which few other means brought to her.

She would often say to one of the other members of the family, "Who of us is doing so much for the Lord as this poor girl? A man of the highest genius could not offer more than she does. He could but consecrate his all of talents and powers to God's service, and this she has done. Happy shall we be if permitted to have a place in heaven next after Domitile."

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### Words from our Missionaries.

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#### KANSAS.

##### BISHOP VAIL.

In the absence of communications from our missionaries to fill the space allotted to this department in *THE REGISTER*, we give the following from Bishop Vail's account of a visitation in Kansas. We trust our readers will not pass it by, as it is not only full of interest in itself, but shows in a graphic way what the life of our missionary bishops is:

"Monday, July 20. Started this morning on our journey westward. A young man, a relative of one of us, drove and had charge of the horses. The Rev. J. N. Lee, of Topeka, accom-

panied me. Our turn-out, which I brought from Lawrence, was an ambulance or spring-wagon, drawn by two horses; while a saddle-horse was also taken for the sake of lightening our load, and also of giving a change of posture and of exercise to the travelers by turns. On the rack behind, our valises or traveling-bags were tied. Under the back-seat was a small box with crackers, some dried beef, a little coffee, and tea and sugar, a small tin kettle and tin cups, so that we might cook and eat by the way. Two buffalo-robos made the cushions by day and the beds by night. A bag of corn in front, to be replenished as we should find opportunity, carried the grain for our horses, while the prairie was to furnish the grass. Appointments had been made, by correspondence two or three weeks in advance, for religious services for nearly every evening on our journey of some three or four weeks. Most of these appointments we met. Three or four of them failed, not by our fault, for we reached every place as appointed, but because of some unlooked-for circumstances in the place where the appointment had been made.

"About six o'clock we reached Burlingame, a small town in Osage County. The weather was unusually hot. We could not drive faster than a walk. In the course of the evening, the Rev. A. Beatty, rector of St. Paul's church, Wyandotte, joined our party, he having reached us partly by the Union Pacific Railway, and partly by private conveyance, as had been previously arranged. On account of the intense heat, when few would be assembled, and the difficulty of procuring a room that could be conveniently lighted, the friend to whom we had intrusted the matter had concluded not to notify a public meeting, but to defer such a service until it could be held under more favorable circumstances. There are no Episcopa-

lians here. We spent the evening in conversation with friends. There was a sick young man at the public house, with whom Mr. Lee and myself both conversed, telling him of the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' Who can tell but one soul may have been blessed by our visit?

"From this point to Council Grove the road was long and very rough, and we concluded to travel a part of the night. So at half-past ten P.M., we started, and drove on until some time past midnight. Crossing a water-course, in a piece of woods on our way, as we stopped to give our horses water, the scream of a wild-cat was heard on our left, responded to in a minute by another on our right—a pleasant little interlude, showing other life in the forest besides our own. At half-past twelve, we drove out on a clean prairie with high grass, lariatied our horses, and went to bed, one in the wagon, one under the wagon, and two on a buffalo-robe on the grass under shawls.

"At five o'clock on Tuesday morning, we were again on our road, and, after making a halt of three or four hours in the middle of the day, reached Council Grove, at the head of the Neosho Valley, about six o'clock in the evening. On our way we stopped at a cabin about eight miles from Council Grove, where the clergymen who were with me had baptized two children on a trip similar to this, which they made last year. Here we found another little one waiting for us, which I baptized, the mother and Mr. Lee standing sponsors. And yet this family had known nothing of our Church before last year. \* They only knew that these brethren were ministers of Christ, and they wished to offer their little ones to the Saviour. Now they have learned more, and count themselves of us. We left them tracts, and, the best of all tracts, a prayer-book, and gave what little instruction our time permitted, and drove on.

"At Council Grove, in Morris County, we were again disappointed, the appointment having been left, by the friend to whom one of our party had written, with two ministers of the town, who had neglected to prepare for us. We staid at the hotel, so called, and the next morning moved on to a point further west. One church family is here, living a few miles from the town on the Santa Fé road.

"Wednesday evening, July 22. Reached Cottonwood Falls, the county-seat of Chase County, a flourishing village in the upper part of the Cottonwood Valley. At night we had services in the school-house, when all of our clerical party made addresses. The school-house was full. On the next evening we had service again, and addresses by Mr. Beatty and myself. Mr. Lee had gone on to a point eighteen miles south, where he held service, and preached to an equally large congregation in a school-house at Valley Farm, near Matfield. I found three or four persons familiar with our services, and attached to our church—one or two of them communicants—the nucleus of a church at some future day to be founded at this important point. The Hon. S. N. Wood entertained us hospitably, giving to all our party a generous welcome. On Thursday, I rode with him some thirty miles in all to the extreme western edge of Chase County.

"Friday evening, July 24th, we were at Emporia, the shire-town of Lyon County. Here is the normal school of the State, where one hundred and fifty scholars are annually present. We have been waiting three or four years for the suitable man, and the means to support him, in this beautiful and very influential town of 2000 or 2500 inhabitants. How long are we to wait, losing our capital opportunities? This evening, in the court-house, we held service, and I preached. Mr. Lee joined us here on his return from Matfield.

All through the trip we used the mission service, distributing the books to the congregation, then explaining and paging as we proceeded. We have several families and several communicants here and in the neighborhood. Can they be provided for?

"On Saturday, we went down the Neosho Valley to Burlington, in Coffey County, thirty miles, cooking our dinner under the shade of an oak by the way. In the evening, we held service in the new church at Burlington. Here we did as we have to do in several of our Kansas churches. The people, with some help from abroad, had raised the walls, roofed and floored the church. But their means were expended. Plain cottonwood benches were used for seats; a plain unfinished rail for the chancel, and a plain table, with a temporary reading-desk and pulpit, constituted the furniture, while they waited for further means to complete the church. Mr. Lee preached, and the bishop made an address. The Rev. William H. Hickcox, missionary in the Neosho Valley, welcomed us to his house, and in due time distributed us among the people.

"Sunday, July 26th, at Burlington. Services in the church, morning and night, and in the afternoon at a school-house, eight miles distant. Holy communion in the morning. At night confirmed one person. It was a busy and interesting day, so that the people urged us to return and spend another Sunday among them; and some candidates for confirmation presented their names to the missionary. So we promised to be with them again in two weeks.

"On Monday, the 27th, we went on to Leroy, where we held service in the evening in the Methodist church. I preached, confirmed three persons, and addressed them. The house was full. Mr. Hickcox, the missionary, has in this place much to encourage him. I had previously confirmed two of his



candidates from Leroy at Lawrence, one of whom has since died.

"At eleven o'clock that night, we started for the south. For a mile our ride was through the dense woods on the Neosho bottom. The moon had set. It was starlight through the tree-tops, but very dark below. One small wagon and two friends had joined us. One of these friends, who had accompanied us from Burlington, wearing a white linen coat, walked before us, the white coat guiding the ambulance, on the back of which a white cloth was hung, to guide the wagon following. And thus we picked our way through the dark woods out to the open prairie. At half-past three in the morning, we stopped, drove down our pins, (these are the phrases of the prairie,) put the lariats to the horses, and went to bed on the grass. The bishop shared a buffalo-robe with one of his presbyters, covering himself with a shawl which once belonged to Bishop Bowman, and which he calls his missionary shawl. And in this way he slept on all the other nights when our party camped out, and fared as well as his brethren; for none of us counted it a hardship, except on the latter part of our journey, when the nights began to be quite cold, and the dews made our blankets very wet.

"On the next morning, after sleeping some two hours, we went into the village of Neosho Falls, in Woodson County, where we called upon a lady, the only member of our church in the township. We met her two weeks later on our return to Burlington.

"That evening we reached Humboldt, in Allen County. We had sent a notice, which had not been received, and had no service. The members of the only church family in the place were all absent; and at ten o'clock we moved on and forded the river, and camped out as before on the prairie.

"The next afternoon, we reached the

new town of Erie, in Neosho County, on the Indian Neutral Lands, and that evening held service in the school-house, when Mr. Beatty preached, and the bishop made an address. Here we found three or four families of our church, and some half-dozen communicants. In the house of one of these we were all very kindly entertained. On the next morning, at half-past seven o'clock, in the same place, we had the morning service, when the bishop preached and administered the holy communion. It was a service full of comfort to these faithful ones, as their flowing tears attested. One earnest communicant, living thirty miles distant, came with her little daughter to attend these services. After visiting the people, we went to the Osage Mission, eight miles distant, the seat of one of those old Roman Catholic missions which are to be found here and there through the Indian country. No Indians live here now, and the mission has changed into an important trading town. A zealous communicant of our church residing here, and who had been licensed as a lay-reader, procured a hall, an empty story over a store, and, going about from house to house, notified the people. We held the service, and the bishop preached to a crowded congregation. There are but two or three of our people here, but the citizens generally wish our services. Starting at about half-past ten o'clock, we traveled some two hours, and again laid us down to sleep under the open sky. On the next day we journeyed on toward Fort Scott, in Bourbon County, and again slept on the prairie. The next day (Saturday) we reached Fort Scott, where we all found a pleasant home at the house of the rector, the Rev. J. M. Kendrick. That evening, service and sermon by the Rev. Mr. Lee.

"Sunday, August 2. Fort Scott, St. Andrew's church. Ten o'clock: ad-

dress to the children of the Sunday-school by the bishop, and holy communion. Eleven o'clock: morning prayer, and sermon by the bishop. Confirmed three persons. Charge. In the evening, after a sermon by Mr. Beatty, the bishop confirmed two persons more, and delivered a charge to the confirmed. The condition of the parish of St. Andrew's is very encouraging.

"On the next morning we divided our forces. The Rev. Mr. Lee was to return, with the bishop's ambulance, to the Osage Mission and to Erie, to hold services at both places again, and to prepare for a confirmation at Erie on the evening of Thursday following. The bishop and the Rev. Mr. Beatty were to go further south, to the southern border of the State, and to the Indian Nation, and to visit the new settlements in that circuit. Mr. Lee did his duty, cheerfully giving up the pleasure of the trip southward, to fulfill the labors required. A zealous friend, one of those just confirmed, furnished the horses, and went himself to drive and take care of them, for the bishop's circuit. On Tuesday evening, Mr. Beatty read the service, and the bishop preached at Baxter Springs, sixty-five miles south of Fort Scott, on the edge of the Indian territory. Three or four families of our church are among the enterprising pioneers here, and the people would be glad of our services. We went below into the Nation, as it is called. On Wednesday, we went westward along the border to Chetopa, in Labette County, and then turned northward to Oswego, and through Labette to Montana, where we slept. These are all new towns, of only a few months' growth. At all of them we inquired for our people. We found one at Chetopa; five or six families and communicants at Oswego, where I appointed a lay-reader; none at Montana. On Thursday forenoon, at the Osage Mis-

sion, I confirmed one, a sick man, and in the afternoon we arrived at Erie.

"Thursday, August 6th, at the school-house in Erie, I baptized one adult, and, after preaching, confirmed three persons, and delivered a charge to them. We ought to have a missionary here for Erie and the Mission in Neosho County, and for Oswego in Labette County.

"On Friday, we were off again, and going north on our return, passed through Humboldt, and at eleven P.M. camped out within five miles of Neosho Falls. The dews were very heavy, and the night was cold. Two of our party slept in the wagon; the bishop and one of his presbyters on the grass under the wagon. On Saturday, after dining at Leroy, we arrived at Burlington. Mr. Lec staid behind to hold a service at Leroy on the next day, and to join us at Burlington on Sunday evening.

"Sunday, August 9th, at Burlington. The missionary and people had been busy during our absence. A number of candidates were waiting for confirmation. Some of them had been brought up under Baptist influences; and the missionary, who had not been accustomed to baptize by dipping, had reserved these for the bishop, who, in his long ministry in Rhode Island, had often administered baptism in this form. It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The place selected was at the ford. On the banks and bluffs the spectators were gathered. Under the shade of a large tree stood three candidates and their witnesses, and with them came sponsors, with two children from two families to be baptized. The bishop in his linen surplice (the best of all vestments for a baptism by dipping, as it falls so readily and gracefully in the water) conducted the service. And when the vows had been said, and the confession of Christ had been made, he led them, one by one,

into the clear river, and there baptized them, and, signing them with the sign of the cross, received them into the congregation; after which, taking the infants in his arms, one by one, he stepped with them into the stream, and poured the water upon them from his palm, and so baptized them. It was a very impressive and solemn service, and occupied only a half-hour, closing at ten o'clock.

"At eleven o'clock was the regular service, and Mr. Beatty preached, and the bishop baptized an infant which had just been brought several miles for this purpose.

"In the evening, after the service, at which all the clergy of our party were present, the bishop preached and confirmed seven (7) persons, and gave them a charge in reference to their Christian duties and privileges. The house was crowded, and God seemed to be present with His blessing. May the Holy Spirit convert and sanctify those waiting souls!

"On the next morning we started for our homes, Mr. Lee in the saddle for Topeka, the others in our ambulance for Lawrence. That night we were lost on the prairie on the Sac and Fox Reservation. A pocket-compass gave us our course, as the Great Bear and the north star, our usual guides, were hidden in clouds, and the lightning from a heavy shower in the east assisted us, until at half-past ten we found a settler's cabin, and spread our robes on the floor, and thanked God, and slept. On the next evening, at nine o'clock, we reached our terminus at Lawrence, having met with but one serious accident—the breaking of a wheel on a steep descent some six or seven miles before arriving at our home. These last few miles we rode in a heavy farm-wagon, which we borrowed until the next morning, when we returned it by those who went to bring in our disabled ambulance.

"And so this trip ended; and on the Saturday following another was commenced in another direction. And so goes on our life. God grant, through the riches of His love in Jesus Christ our Saviour, that we may all be strong to labor for Him, and for the souls for whom Jesus died, and at last be received to the heavenly home, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord!"

CHARLES, AMELIA COUNTY, VA.

REV. P. F. BERKLEY.

As requested, I forward my report for use, before the 1st of September.

I officiate regularly on the second and fourth Sundays, in Grub Hill church, Raleigh Parish, Amelia County, (the only minister of the Episcopal Church in the county,) and on the first and third Sundays in Grace church, Genito Parish, Powhatan County; the former church numbering fifty communicants, the latter nineteen. At the bishop's visitation, which closed yesterday, eight persons were confirmed at Grub Hill, (two from other cures,) and six at Grace church. In passing through these and neighboring parishes, the bishop held daily and deeply interesting services, such, I trust, as, through mercy and grace, will prove profitable, urging upon us, as if for the last time, the due improvement of privileges and faithful performance of duties.

I have baptized seven infants and solemnized fifteen marriages; of the latter, two white, and thirteen colored. The encouraging feature of our condition as a church is the disposition, at this time, on the part of the young reared in the church to make an open profession of faith in the Saviour. Of the fourteen just confirmed, eleven of them are still preparing for the responsible positions of life; and yet they have sought confirmation, as I trust, under an experimental sense of the



influence of the Spirit and word of God upon their hearts, and seen already in their lives.

In addition to the perverted character of the human heart, here as elsewhere, the discouraging circumstances with us are, the extended area over which the friends of the church are located, and their impoverished and crippled condition as it regards pecuniary matters, which results in a greatly inadequate support of the Gospel; and, with many, an infrequent and irregular attendance upon the house of God, rendering necessary on my part much visiting and absence from home. The field of my labors being altogether rural, having no town or village conveniences, my opportunities for instructing the people of my charge seem confined to those of the sanctuary, the fireside, and the family altar. Here, through God's undeserved grace, I have been for many years, and still am, permitted to preach the Gospel. The Bible-class and Sunday-school I have never been able to make use of for any great length of time together, and latterly not at all, owing to the distance at which the people live from the church, and, as at present, the great difficulty of procuring the means of conveyance. It was always gratifying to me to preach to, and otherwise officiate for, the colored people of the parish, in doing which I was engaged more or less frequently and regularly, as circumstances permitted, before the war. Since that event, I can labor for them only as they request it.



**GLOUCESTER COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA.**

REV. CHARLES MANN.

SINCE my last report, I have officiated regularly every Sunday at Ware church, having seldom been prevented by weather or any other causes from meeting the congregation.

Some months since, I organized a

Sunday-school in the village, at our court-house; and, to aid the teachers, preached in the court-house at five P.M., to the school and a good congregation collected from the neighborhood. This I found a pleasant and, I hope, useful service; but an attack of erysipelas in my face compelled me to suspend this service a few weeks since, as I could not bear the glare of the sun in a very hot and sandy road. I hope, however, to resume this second service at an early day.

This, you know, is our sickly season; and as the scholars and some of the teachers come on foot from a considerable distance, we have been compelled to suspend this school until the 1st of October. No child can safely be exposed to the sun during a long walk in the afternoon. From the same causes, another Sunday-school, organized in the spring, about five miles from the church, has also been suspended for the next two months. This school promises to be very useful, as it is under the care of a lady admirably calculated to conduct it, and formed of materials from which teachers may soon be trained for usefulness in the church.

I have officiated once and administered the holy communion in a vacant parish in Matthews County, and hope to make arrangements to preach there regularly at least once in six weeks, and to have other services secured to them by the clergy of Norfolk.

The year has passed in the quiet performance of *all* parochial duties, and, I am happy to say, with an addition of about one third to our list of communicants.

The ladies of the congregations persevere in most strenuous efforts to improve our ancient temple, and have succeeded even beyond their most sanguine expectations. Just now they are exerting themselves to secure an organ.

Our congregations are quite as good



as we could hope them to be at a season when every animal which can be used in the cultivation of the land must be employed in making bread for their owners, and are thus often incapable of bringing the families of our farmers to church, from which many of them are quite distant.

The communion is administered regularly on the first Sunday of each month; and the congregation is, to use Bishop Johns's remark about it, "most marvelously attentive."

In such a state of things, incidents of more than usual interest are not likely to occur, and I have none to relate; but I am sure our bishops will tell you that your aid is not given us in vain; without it, I fear, the church would be closed. Many changes are taking place among our landed proprietors; and we may hope to see our former prosperity restored at no distant day, and the aid you now afford us returned with interest to your treasury.

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## Communications.

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### THE FIRST FUNERAL AT THE TENNESSEE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,  
SUNDAY MORNING, April 4, 1869. }

AFTER the usual morning service in the asylum, the matron, Mrs. McK—, invited me to go with her into the infirmary, to see one of the children, Bennie C—, aged fifteen, a brother of Fannie, whose baptism was the theme of my letter in *THE REGISTER* for September. His mother was alone with him, kneeling at the bedside weeping, so deeply absorbed she did not notice our entrance. The pale, haggard countenance of the boy was peculiarly marked with anxiety. The mother's lamentations aroused the boy from his stupor. With an effort he turned his face toward her, exclaiming, "O mother! do not weep, it grieves me so much to

hear you!" She arose, sat down upon the bed, still weeping. I endeavored to compose both mother and child with such words of encouragement as I could give them. I then asked Bennie, if it were the will of God he should not recover, was he afraid to die? He replied calmly, "No, sir." I asked him if he felt prepared to die—prepared to stand before the bar of God, prepared to meet the Saviour as his Judge. Bursting into a flood of tears, he replied, "I do not know if I am prepared; but I am not afraid to meet my Saviour; for I love Him above every thing in this world." Here the mother's grief-stricken heart was overwhelmed with mingled joy and sorrow, as she exclaimed, "O my child, my child! God has sorely punished me for refusing you baptism, when you and your sister asked me so imploringly to allow it. She was brought to the mouth of the grave, and you to the very gates of death, to show me my error. Oh! if the whole world were mine, I would give it all if I could recall those few short words of denial. May God forgive me my misdoing and spare me my boy." She left the room. I then asked the dying boy if there was any thing I could do for him. He replied, "Yes, sir; if my mother is willing, I want you to baptize me." I then asked him why he wished to be baptized. He answered, "Because my Saviour was baptized. I want to do as He did; I want to obey Him. He told His disciples to baptize those who believed in Him. I believe on Him as the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners." I called the mother into the room, and told her Bennie wanted to be baptized if she was willing. "Oh! yes," said she, "a thousand times yes, yes—more than willing; and may my child forgive me that I ever refused him." Now came the scene of rejoicing to that poor dying boy, "Oh! I am so glad, so glad; O my Saviour! my mother! I am so thankful, so

happy." The hitherto anxious face was now lit up with the softer lines of heavenly joy. All the children of the asylum were called into the room preparatory to his baptism, the little ones nearest, and all encircling the bed. As we knelt in prayer, the boy struggled to get upon his knees, and would not be content until he could rest a little in that position. The prayer ended, he resumed his position, keeping his eyes upon me, as if to catch every word, every movement. When the appropriate questions were asked him, he could not wait for me to read for him the answers, but first answering in his own simple words, "Oh! yes, oh! yes; I will, I will; I do, I do!" and then repeated the answers as I read them to him. When the baptismal waters were being poured upon him, his eyes were intently gazing upward, and the whole countenance seemed lit up as with rays of the divine glory. And now, as we all knelt around that couch to offer up the prayer of all prayers dearest to the orphan, "Our Father who art in heaven," sixty fatherless children uttered the plaintive cry, "Our Father!" as with one voice and with one heart. It was a scene angels love to witness, an hour sacred with holy memories. Toward night he said to his mother, "I am so thankful to you for allowing me to be baptized; and now, if I should become delirious, and say things out of the way, do not be uneasy about me; the Saviour is very precious to me; I am very happy. Now please sing for me, 'I have a Father in the promised land; my Father calls me, I must go.'" She could sing but one verse in broken accents, before he began to talk at random; then fell into a calm sleep for a few moments; then rousing up and turning his eyes full upon his mother, and stretching toward her his trembling hand, bade her good-by. "Good-by, mother! There is a nice gentleman, the captain of a fine vessel, that has come for me, to take me to

such a beautiful country." Then the parting song became the vision of the departing spirit. He gradually sank into unconscious sleep, and the deathless spirit passed to its eternal home in the bosom of the Saviour.

On the following day, the room in which the children had so often assembled with songs of rejoicing and praise became the sanctuary of the dead. Softly the little ones gathered around the lifeless form of their companion, weeping bitter tears of sorrow. As the funeral services proceeded, I could but think and believe that He who shed tears of sympathy at the grave of Lazarus was *then present*, to sympathize with these His fatherless children as the "Father of the fatherless." Sweet was the prayer, and the song, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," as sung by the bereaved orphans at this the first funeral at the Tennessee Orphan Asylum. They followed the body to the grave in procession, and consecrated the lone spot with their tears, more precious in the sight of God than thousands of earth's richest gems. They planted flower-seeds upon the mound of earth, expecting, *as surely* as the seeds shall spring up and bloom again, *so surely* shall the sleeping dead spring up again in immortal youth. Oh! if little children may not know what it is to become *converted* by the Holy Spirit, why did the Saviour say, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become *as little children*, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven"?

L. L. LURTON.

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### The Eclectic.

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#### DR. DUFF ON THE MISSIONARY DUTY OF THE HOME CHURCHES.

AT a recent general meeting of the Church Missionary Society Committee for sending missionaries to India, Dr. Duff, whose name will ever be honored as in the front rank of modern mission-

aries, spoke as follows: "I can not help embracing the occasion of expressing before God the intense enjoyment which I have experienced in being present here this day. I regard it as an unspeakable benefit to be an eye and ear-witness of these proceedings. The communion of saints is a blessed and glorious expression. Ever since I have known Christ, and believed in Christ for salvation, I have always felt that there is a tie peculiarly binding on the church of Christ, whatever may be the form of government. Accordingly, I have always felt it an unspeakable privilege to be permitted not only to sympathize, but to coöperate in every possible way, with all who love Christ in sincerity and in truth, and will be co-heirs with Him in the glory to be revealed, and rejoice with Him forever and ever. I can not understand the grounds of separation between men who are living in the bonds of Christ. When I was on the banks of the Ganges coöperating with good men, I can truly say there were none with whom I was wont to carry on the work of Christ in more happy conjunction of spirit than the members and chaplains and missionaries of evangelical sections, especially of members of the Church of England, as well as those not belonging to that section. I can testify as to the importance of the sphere in which Mr. Dyson has been laboring, and in ways beyond what some present may be aware of. Well do I remember the new body that has been rising up as the result of the labors of enlightenment to which he referred, under the name of Brahmo Somaj. That is the body in Bengal which, as a religious body, we have to contend with. I remember well how, at the time when they were putting forth their statements with great power, our friend who is present came into the centre of the battle-field, and gave expositions of a very powerful kind in antagonism to that movement—

expositions which they felt keenly, from the various attempts they made to resist and overcome them. There is no part of India that does not present an important sphere of missionary labor. To enter upon any statement as to the antagonism presented by any one system of Hinduism—call it Brahmoism or Mohammedanism, or whatever else you have to deal with in India—would be to grapple with the subject of an encyclopædia. I can really and truly say, when in the midst of these mighty systems, and fairly confronted by them, I felt it was like being called upon to empty the Ganges or the ocean with a cup, or with a pocket-knife to cut down the primeval forest, or with a pick-axe to level the Himalayas. An impression of that kind creeps over the mind, and one is ready to ask, What is our position? We do not stand alone. If we did, we should be hopeless. We stand very much in the position of Elijah on Mount Carmel. He stood alone in one sense; he was confronted with four hundred and fifty priests of Baal; but he felt that he was not alone—that he had one greater and mightier than all that were against him, and his great prayer was to the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, that he might interpose and cause it to be seen and felt that there was a God in Israel, that he was His servant, to do these things according to His word. He said, 'Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord.' That is our position. We must do all that he did. He prepared the altar and the sacrifice, and said, 'I have done all that I can; but if I had not done this, how could I look up and pray? Having done that in accordance with God's word, I can look up and pray.' Let us, then, enter on the mighty work in this spirit; and while we confront the Himalayan masses of superstition and idolatry, let us first, the spirit of Elijah animating us, look up and say, 'O God of Abraham,



and Isaac, and Jacob !' Yes, we as Christians can do still more. We can say, 'O God! the Father of our Lord Jesus, do Thou interpose in behalf of that great name, and send forth Thy Holy Spirit to accompany our efforts in this work ;' and the day will come when the fire shall descend and burn up the wood and stones, and the mountain masses of obstacles, and consume them, and turn spiritual death into life. Yes, the day will come. But are we doing our part? Are we doing all that we can? The individual missionary abroad may be doing all that he can as a missionary ; but are the communities that send him forth doing all that they ought to do? If not, I feel intensely you have no warrant, no right to pray for the blessing of God. From what I am constantly reading in my own country, I see that we are making a mere mock in regard to missions ; that we are simply playing at missions, and are not doing the proper thing at all in this great country. If we go to war against a great city like Sebastopol—if we want to penetrate into the centre of Abyssinia—what do we do? We take the best and most skillful and experienced of our brave generals, and our best officers and troops, and we send supplies in such abundance that there can be no want. If we wish to be successful, we must use the means which are adapted to secure success. The world is to be evangelized. We have eight hundred millions of people to be evangelized. Here, in Great Britain, we have one minister for every thousand of inhabitants, and yet we are content to send out one for two millions of people ; and in China, I do not suppose there is one for three millions, taking all the societies together. Would we desire to know what we ought to do? Let us look to the church at Antioch. When God had a great work to do among the Gentiles, what did He do? Here is the church at Antioch, with Barnabas and

Simeon, Lucius of Cyrene, and other men of character, but not equal to Paul and Barnabas. Does the Holy Ghost say that Paul and Barnabas, having been the founders of the church, were indispensable for its prosperity, and you must keep them—Lucius and the others will not be so much missed ; send them to do the work? No! He says, 'Separate me Barnabas and Paul;' the other men can carry on the quieter work, and fight the battle with heathenism if it be needed ; the most able and skilled men must go forth on the mighty enterprise—'Separate me Barnabas and Paul.' Excuse me for saying this. In this day's meeting, which gladdens my own heart, I see something of this kind of process beginning. We do not want all the ablest men in this country to engage in the enterprise ; but can not some of them be spared as leaders of the younger ones? We need all the practical wisdom which the world contains to guide us and direct us in the midst of the perplexities which beset us in such fields as India and China. Difficulties are increasing every day, and there are new difficulties arising that will require all the skill and wisdom of the most practical men we possess, and such men will, ere long, come forward with a power and voice which shall make themselves felt. It makes my heart rejoice to think that Oxford can send forth two of its fellows ; that English parishes can spare two able and useful men to go forth in the name of the Lord. I see in this the beginning of a better state of things, and I have no doubt that the example will have the effect of stirring up and stimulating others to do likewise, and that some of the mightiest names among us will go forth. It will not do to say we should be satisfied with laborers only ; why should not some of the church dignitaries—why should not some of our bishops, if they be the successors of the apostles, go forth, and set an example



the value of which the whole world would acknowledge? I wonder that a man who is prominent before the world for his position and rank does not surrender that, and go forth on a mission of philanthropy! I wonder at it! Some would be ready to follow. But at all events they would say: Here is sincerity, here is devotedness; and it will no longer be said, 'You are the men who are paid for loving the souls of men.' I will not speak merely of church dignitaries, but of other dignitaries. Peers of the realm can go to India to hunt tigers, and why can not they go to save the souls of men? Have we come to this, that it shall be beneath them, and beneath the dignity of men in civil life, to go forth on such an errand? The eternal Son of God appears on earth that He may work out for us an everlasting redemption. It was not beneath Him to seek and to save that which was lost, and will you tell me that it is beneath the dignity of a duke, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, to go into heathen realms to save a lost creature! I rejoice in this, that our dear brethren now present have, by their own spontaneous resolution, shown their gratitude to the Saviour who died to redeem them; and I congratulate the committee with my whole heart on the fact of having such men to send forth as pioneers—men who have shown themselves willing to submit to any amount of practical self-denial for the sake of Christ, who have proved their loyalty and allegiance to Him as the Head of the church, by responding to the call to go where their presence is so pressingly demanded. There, as faithful messengers of his truth, to uphold his testimony amidst the blustering of deadly errors; there, as good soldiers of the cross, to fight the battle face to face with infidelity; there, as intrepid evangelists, amidst reproach and obloquy, to rescue myriads who are perishing, and warn them to fly from the city of destruction to the ce-

lestial paradise of God. If ever there was a time since the world began which more than another demanded such faithful witnesses, such valiant soldiers of the cross, such earnest and fearless evangelists in all the regions of the earth, that time is the present. In no age was there ever exemplified since the world began such an intercommunion between all peoples, and kindreds, and nations, effectually breaking down idolatry, superstition, and error. They are being rent asunder. All things around us, wherever we turn, east, west, north, or south, seem to betoken the speedy approach of some mightier crisis than has ever yet been registered in the pages of this world's eventful history. Methinks we can see looming in the distance the commencement of some terrible struggles between the marshaled hosts of sin on the one hand and of holiness on the other—struggles which shall demand at the hands of Christ's followers a faith and resolution vaster than ordinary. Fortified by such resolutions, we are all of us ready to confront the bursting of the storm which may ere long shake terribly the earth, but out of which shall spring forth a new heaven and a new earth."

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MR. LLOYD AMONG THE ZULUS.

A YOUNG lady born and reared in New-York City, where her father was a physician; educated after the manner of young ladies there, to know Latin, and French, and German, and music, to which she added later such knowledge of Greek as should enable her to read the New Testament in the original; having a great aptitude for learning languages; the precious endowment of a cheerful temperament; that perception of the comic which belongs to the largest and tenderest natures; and also an unusual share of that indescribable magnetic power which subdues and captivates without effort; teaching in

city mission-schools, industrial schools, and the like ; all the time conscious of a secret yearning toward the destitute African—this was Mrs. Lloyd in New-York, when known as Katharine C. Parker.

The same young lady transferred to South-Africa ; childless and a widow there at a little over twenty ; possessing ample means ; remaining to teach the people toward whom her soul had been early drawn ; living in the family of an old established missionary as if she were his elder daughter, mapping out her own work ; doing what but for her would have to be left undone ; exerting an almost magical influence over the natives ; speaking their language with fluency ; called by them in turn mother, doctor and chief ; writing letters home that quicken the pulse and stir the blood of us sluggish ones ; hers the very romance of missionary life—this is Mrs. Lloyd among the Zulus.

And where is the Zulu-land ? Take a sailing-vessel at New-York ; hasten southward on the boisterous Atlantic ; far beyond Cancer, the Equator, Capricorn ; stand toward the shore of Africa instead of that of South-America ; round the Cape of Good Hope, the "Tormentose," where winds and waters are forever clashing ; skirt upward, along the eastern coast for a thousand miles more, but *not* "past Mozambique," and you have arrived at the Zulu country, after a voyage of three months. This was the bridal tour of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd.

A lovely land ! A portion of the territory of Natal, running one hundred and fifty miles on the sea-coast and two hundred and fifty inland. By three noble natural terraces, it gradually rises as it recedes from the ocean, until it terminates in a stupendous wall of lofty, perpendicular, rocky mountains, which shut it out from the endless and unknown "interior." As to climate, simply delightful. As to pro-

ducts, growing coffee, sugar-cane, oranges, lemons, limes, pine-apples, and other tropical luxuries ; abounding in bright-blossomed trees and groves and forests that are always green.

The Zulus are black, with woolly hair. Yet it is more than suspected that they possess an admixture of Arab blood. Some words in their language, some physical and mental peculiarities, such as the slender, tapering limbs, the delicate extremities, the frequent aquiline nose, square forehead, and the active questioning intellect, being thought to favor this theory. Their lovely climate permits the scantiest of clothing, and this they prefer in their native condition. A young Zulu girl wears a mite of an apron, and nothing more. A married woman is properly attired for every-day occasions in a well-greased half of a cow-skin. The men dress in a short kilt of strips of skin. Both sexes are fond of ornaments. Collars and girdles of gay beads, necklaces of antelope horns, bracelets, rings, and armlets of brass, unique earrings, which are reed snuff-boxes gayly colored, form their chief adornments. Their hair is worked into fantastic shapes—sometimes with red clay into a top-knot ; sometimes, by artistic shaving and a judicious use of gum, into a polished shining black ring encircling the top of the head.

They live in kraals. The wealth of the country lies in cattle, and the central idea of a kraal is a cattle-pen. Around this is built a circle of little huts, and around the whole is a fortification of a strong fence. Enter the inclosure by its one carefully guarded opening, and you may go around and visit the huts, but must go into them, as every one does, on hands and knees, for they have no other mode of ingress. The men take snuff and smoke, drink beer and hunt ; and as the woman's rights movement has not reached Zululand, the women do all the menial

work, and polygamy is the custom. These are the people to whom Mrs. Lloyd has consecrated the youth and freshness of her life.

Scattered along the Zulu coast are twelve American missionary stations the larger part of them but a few miles from the ocean. They are the first missions established there, and have been in operation since 1835, a period of about thirty-five years. Let us stop to give Christian honor to those self-denying countrymen and countrywomen of ours, who, for all these years, have wrought on that far-off coast. These are they into whose labors Mrs. Lloyd has lately entered with so much heart and power.

The largest of these is Umvoti, lying five miles from the sea, where have long labored Mr. and Mrs. Grout, honored missionaries who have grown gray in the service. In 1860, Mr. Lloyd was sent out as a colleague to Mr. Grout, and died of consumption within two years and two months of his arrival. An infant child had preceded him. Mrs. Lloyd remained.

Married and widowed, a mother and childless, within this short space, eternity was brought so near that time seemed all too short for the work of life. There was need all around her, and laying aside the thought of home and its consolations, she took up her self-appointed task.

This has a variety of departments. Every hour of the twenty-four claims its duties, of which sleep is apparently the least important. Her knowledge of music, her aptitude for languages, her remarkable power of winning confidence, all find abundant use. Within a small radius she has established six schools, over which she has placed native teachers, who require her constant supervision by day, while she teaches an evening class of young men, and a Bible-class on Sundays. She visits the sick at outlying kraals both as

missionary and physician; she trains the sweet Zulu voices to sing anthems and choruses; she communicates a knowledge of needle-craft to the girls in industrial schools; she helps to introduce civilization by means of Christmas celebrations and the distribution of clothing; she gives invaluable private lessons in the household where she finds her home; and finally, she is aiding the missionaries in translating certain books of the Old Testament into Zulu. And with prayer, and work, and time, her native cheerfulness has been restored, and she is the life of those around her.

The aptitude for learning which the Zulus exhibit is wonderful. Mrs. Lloyd finds use for all her culture, both in languages and the higher branches of mathematics. Her evening class consists of ninety young men, laborers, whom she gathers, and, with such aid as natives can give teaches for two or three hours at night after their daily work and hers is done. She also collects the larger girls in the afternoon, and teaches them what is appropriate—among other things, music, and she finds voices there, especially among the men, which it is said would challenge attention in New-York. There are two chiefs living in opposite directions from Umvoti, who want their children taught, and she goes to them on alternate mornings, taking occasion, from its being the fashion, to collect and instruct, with the aid of native teachers, forty or fifty children at each place.

The opening day of a new school in Zulu-land is a day to be noted. The children come of all ages, from the baby who is carried on its sister's back, to the boy of twelve or over, and all come naked. Garments are furnished as fast as they arrive; for in Zulu-land, as elsewhere among the heathen, dress is not only a civilizer but, indirectly, a means of grace.



When a Zulu man shows a desire for a shirt, it is right to entertain high hopes of him. "Will he come out, do right, *and wear clothes?*" is the anxious question concerning a convert. The Christian Zulus are known at sight, because they are clad, and thus clothes are a type of all good. Therefore it is an important portion of the education of the little natives to introduce them to garments, which is their first step toward civilization. Their efforts to get themselves into such are what our newsboys would call "a caution." Every thing is put on upside down, and inside out, and wrong side foremost; what should fasten in front is fastened in the rear, and *vice versa*; shirts are assumed bottom side up, with the sleeves on the lower limbs, and are buttoned behind; arms go into the legs of pantaloons, and legs into the sleeves of other garments. In the excitement, the children all scream and gibber at the top of their voices, that being their custom at home; meanwhile the least ones, struck with terror because the teacher is white, have to be reconciled to the monstrosity.

But the progress is wonderful, even on the first day. The girls show a marvelous facility for the needle, and learn to sew well—some of them in five minutes. The children become so interested that the next day they sling the little ones over their backs at an early hour, and dart off without breakfast for fear of losing one minute of the beneficent, winning presence.

Mrs. Lloyd's Bible-class is a live one. Discussion is better than food to the Zulu, and they are very disputatious theologians. No half-educated person could cope with them. In the Bible-class they reason, object, question, fall into little knots of animated disputants, and finally refer their difficulties to Mrs. Lloyd, who often has to consult the original before the prob-

lem can be satisfactorily solved. All this goes on by the help of four languages—Zulu, Isixosa, English, and Greek. The Isixosa is a neighboring dialect, into which the Bible has been translated. Translations are sometimes peculiar. "The wise men of the East" figure as "the *clever fellows*" of the East.

It is interesting to note the questions which agitate the Zulu conscience. Is it wicked to dance heathen dances? Is it wicked to drink beer? God is a jealous God—is he jealous if more attention is paid to Christ than to Himself? How is it possible to honor one's father and mother when, to be a Christian, one must disobey them? Might it not be unwise to pray too much for others, lest one's own faith be taken away, and given to them? And—O questions of pathos!—if white people knew of Jesus Christ years ago, why were the Zulus left to die in darkness? And, do the white people want to keep heaven all to themselves, that they send the heathen so few missionaries?—*The Advance*.

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CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MISSION AT  
NINGPO.

STARTED with the catechist for Long-deo-dziang. On the way, we called on the daughter of one of the senior Christians, whose husband, a worthless fellow, was laid aside, and somewhat subdued by illness. An old man, a head man of a branch of the clan, came in to converse. "Pardon me," he said, "if in my weakness and simplicity I ask a few things which I don't understand with reference to your honorable doctrine." "Father, say on," I replied. "Well," he said, "some people will have it that when Christians die, the foreign minister is instantly informed of it, and down he hastens, extracts the eyes and liver of the departed, who then, and not till then, is interred. Of course I don't



believe this," he said, (firmly believing it all the time, or at least fearing it to be true, I suspect,) "but people say so." I laughed, and gazed at him till he laughed, and then I commenced an elaborate reply. First, I remarked, that, greatly as I admired the Chinese race for ingenuity, intelligence, filial piety, and so on; profoundly as I respected the old gentleman before me, I could not but be amused, not so much at the existence of such silly tales as at the ready and almost universal credence which they obtained. I told him plainly that I believed this to arise from satanic influence. These rumors had no ground in fact; but the priests and votaries of Buddha and Taou, and of other ascetic sects, trembling for their wealth, if their craft were ruined by Christianity, invented these tales, and Satan made the people believe them. I then descended to particulars. What if it were done—the man is dead, and insensible—worms will soon do the work. But this, by the way; it is wrong and sinful to mutilate even the dead. Secondly, if foreigners wish for eyes and livers, pirates abound, and foreign gunboats are numerous: how is it that they fail to obtain a supply in that direction? Why, as in my case, for six long years study and stammer, and teach and travel, and get ill and distribute books, and yet not scoop out so much as one eye, after painfully toiling for a handful of converts? Thirdly, our Christians dwell in the north, in the south, in the east and in the west; sometimes deaths are numerous: how can I, with but two legs, step to the four quarters of the compass on one day? Fourthly, we very seldom, if ever, attend a funeral till the corpse is in the coffin and the coffin fastened down. Fifthly, the whole story is a falsehood. I paused, and the old man exclaimed that his heart was satisfied and relieved. "But

bear with me," he said, "if I ask you one more question." "Speak freely, father," I said. "Well," he said, "I hear that you forbid ancestral worship. How can that be according to right?" "Allow me to ask a question in reply," I said. "How many times a year is the ancestral feast spread?" "Four times at the most," he replied. "Well, then," I asked, "what is to become of the hungry ghosts of your distinguished progenitors during the 361 days which remain in each year?" Again I went on to say—though this remark seemed puzzling—"Since, as your sages say, the good go to the happy place, the bad to misery, if your ancestors are in heaven, they will not care to leave ambrosial food for your cabbage. If any people are, alas! in Hades, they can not come out to feast on the steam of your pork. Once more, the principle of the whole concern—alas! now overlaid by superstition and idolatry—is filial piety. Now, very many of your honorable nation care not for their living parents, but, as soon as the breath has left their bodies, they spread an elaborate feast for their parents' spirits, which feast, after all, fills the bellies of the undutiful children. True filial piety is, as Confucius himself teaches, to reverence and obey your parents when alive, to remember their teaching, and follow their example when dead. Now this virtue is strongly inculcated in the Christian doctrine, and is diligently practiced by all true Christians. Is not your custom, then, vain and superstitious, and sinful—for you worship, and not merely remember the dead. Is not ours true, right, and useful—for we honor, and obey, and remember the father of our flesh; but above all, we honor and worship the Father of our spirits, even the God of heaven." I mention this conversation, because it touched on, I may say, the two opponents of the Gospel in

these districts, and as containing the answers which we generally bring forward to such arguments. The old man, after asking several other questions, seemed highly satisfied, and will, I hope, attend our chapel.

### Editorial Missionary Notes.

"*The field is the world.*"—ST. MATT. 13: 38.

ALL periodicals that copy these Editorial Notes are requested to give THE REGISTER the favor of their acknowledgment.—EDITOR.

WHEREVER the truth of Christ is faithfully, fully, and tenderly proclaimed, by one who knows its power from experience, it will assuredly exert an influence; and it is because the number of those who are thus manifesting the Gospel in the land of pagan darkness is increasing constantly that we look for great things, in those outlying regions, in the near future. The difficulties to be overcome are many and great. Ignorance, superstition, habit, tradition, the vices and the interests of idolatrous systems, are all across the track of the advancing kingdom of Christ. But when we see not only an increasing army of educated men and women from our Christian colleges pressing on the contest, but native teachers, preachers, and catechists rising and teaching their own people in all the warmth of Christian love, and all the clearness of Christian knowledge, until domestic, and even private life, is reached with the gracious call, what may we not hope for as the Spirit shall be poured out from on high? In *The Bible Society Record* for August, there is a letter from the Rev. I. G. Bliss, which shows how even a poor "Bible woman" can preach to her people:

"Soon after the return of this Bible woman to her home in Nicomedia, she heard of the sickness of a woman in the Turkish quarter of that town. On

going to the house to inquire after the woman and express sympathy for her in her sufferings, she found there a crowd of Mohammedan women listening to the teachings of a female dervish. Some of the women present being acquainted with our sister, proposed that she and the dervish should discuss the merits of their respective religions, while they would sit by and listen. To this proposition neither objected. The dervish entered the lists with great confidence. She asserted that Islamism must be the true religion. No other required such purity, such frequent washings. Five times a day must the followers of Mohammed perform their ablutions. Such a system must be the true system of religion. 'How can you,' said this female dervish, with all the pride of a genuine Pharisee, to the humble woman whose opponent she was—'how can you venture to appear before God unwashed?' Many other things did this woman say; but the point of her argument in defense of Islamism was the frequent ablutions required by it from all its adherents.

"When she had finished, the company, with eager looks, turned to the Bible woman and awaited her response.

"They had not long to wait. With the skill of a genuine artist she sketches with unerring accuracy the whited sepulchre, opening it before her auditors in all its internal corruption. The cup and the platter are also brought forward, with the inside all exposed. As she presses on in her argument, she shows that no external washing can be a substitute for inward purity. She points to the words, 'Without holiness no man can see the Lord;' declares purity of heart, of purpose, of life, to be the great demand of the Gospel on all. She teaches that God by His Spirit dwells in the hearts of all who seek Him in truth, and that to such is given to know of its doctrine.

That crowd of eager, ignorant women are touched by the contrast in the teachings of the two women, and give expression almost tumultuously to their approval of the sentiments of the latter. The dervish feels keenly her discomfiture, and hastily withdraws from the company. Then one of those untaught, dark-minded sisters, evidently with no little anxiety, asks, 'If what you say is true, what shall we do?' The Bible woman eagerly responds, 'There is but one way of salvation. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" This is the only salvation for *you*, for *me*, for all *sinners*; "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," but the name of Christ Jesus. Mohammed! *We* look to him for salvation! He was himself only a man, and was himself a sinner in need of salvation, just as much as any one of us. He can do nothing for us. It will not do for us to put confidence in man. The only true salvation must come from one who is divine.'

"Recently our sister has sought a house in the Turkish portion of the town, to insure more frequent conversations with the women in that quarter. Let us not forget one who is so zealous to lead her erring sisters in the way of life."

In the beautiful language of the prophet, the Lord Jehovah declares: "As the rain and the snow cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be, that goeth forth from my mouth. It shall not return to me void, but shall accomplish the thing that I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." We should never forget this power of God's word. We should not fear to trust it. Given or spoken in faith, it will be

found to convince and convert souls, whether at home or abroad. Here is one illustration among many of its power in missionary work: . . . About five years ago, the prime minister of one of the great daimios of Japan procured a copy of the Scriptures in Chinese, and, with his younger brother, studied it in secret. After two years, they visited the missionary with whom they had been in communication, gave him an account of the way God had led them, and were both baptized in the Christian faith. More than two years after, he brought his son and a native doctor, who had also been brought to Christ through studying the word of God, and they were baptized. The prime minister had endeavored to show his master, the daimio, that the Christian religion is the basis of the best and highest civilization, and the great want of Japan, and he had begun to read the Bible, and has now requested the missionary to come to his capital and establish Christian schools in his dominions.

Among the many cheering indications that the Gospel will make rapid progress in the future in pagan countries, is the fact that the people are rapidly losing confidence in their old traditional superstitions. Man is, undoubtedly, in an important sense, "a religious animal." It is in him a deathless instinct to be religious. True it is, he is apt to choose a false religion rather than the true; but when the false, after the delusion of hoary ages, has worn out and lost its power, when amid increasing light he learns to disbelieve and despise it, he may be considered in a favorable attitude toward the true. Only let us send them the "light of life" as they become ready to renounce their idolatry, and in countless multitudes they will receive and rejoice in the light. A testimony to the waning of paganism is given in *The American Messenger*. . . . "Rev. R. G. Wil-



der, missionary in India, states that, instead of encountering the virulent defenders of Hindooism as formerly, a great change is perceptible on the part of the people generally, who now better understand and respect the missionaries. In more than five hundred villages, his audiences have expressed approval of his addresses, and in over two hundred, intelligent and responsible men have assured him that they would cast away their idols and become Christians, if government would protect them in it, and cease to support the idols. An Irish Presbyterian missionary writes that the hopelessness of keeping up Hindooism is every year becoming more manifest to the Hindoos themselves. A high-class Brahmin recently told him that no class of Hindoos now have any faith in their religion."

LUXURY AND MISSIONS.—The day is coming when Christians must ask themselves serious questions on the subject of personal and domestic expenditure. This is not the age for indulging "the lusts of the eye and the pride of life" without stint, while God is calling us to self-denial, that we may go forth and possess the lands for Him. The earth shall indeed be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea; but *we* may lose our part in the glory of that grand result by failing to contribute our proper share in the cost by which it is to be attained. He who would wear the crown must expect to bear the cross that precedes the crown; and he who would rejoice in the conversion of the world must lay his treasures at his Lord's feet, to be used in extending His truth. On this subject one of the missionaries says: . . . "Our brethren do not know that their habits of living are wasteful and extravagant to a degree known nowhere else on earth; that the every-day, ordinary table-fare of thousands, who feel too poor to give for benevolent

operations, is characterized by a luxuriousness which even the better class of English families, to say nothing of the poorer, never dream of indulging except on extra or festive occasions. English children, too, are not pampered on costly dainties, to the detriment of their health and their future habits; and yet, fed as they are on their plain and wholesome diet, they are admitted to be generally more healthy, and rosy, and happy than ours. A tithe of what is worse than wasted on the table alone, would cause the streams which make glad the city of our God to overflow all their banks!"

Do we discern the signs of the times? Do we work while it is called to-day? That these are unusual times, is a saying in the mouth of many people. The world is making rapid strides in every thing that is called progress. And who can doubt that God is in some way in these movements? The Gospel, the cross of Christ, is the real centre around which the forces of the world are collecting. God in Christ is in history. We are called to co-work in the orderings of providence in redemption. And while the whole earth, in the developments of the divine scheme, is opening for the truth of Christ, are we ready to act our part? A Baptist missionary of Assam makes a solemn appeal to American Christians on this subject. Would that we all could feel its power and learn our duty effectually: . . . "And now, what burdens are laid upon them! What labors are required at their hands! The voices of the night, 'Come over and help us,' grow multitudinous and bewildering. And lo! I see on all sides the air is full of outstretched, pleading hands imploring help from them! With tearful eyes I cry, My God, will our churches 'discern this time,' and rise equal to the grandeur of this great occasion? Were all baptized into the spirit of entire consecration, what an



army should we behold ! When I was bowed beneath the baptismal wave and the rumbling waters closed over me, all I had or hoped to have was there, clustered close around my heart ; and as I hope for heaven, I dare not unconsecrate it now. But oh ! I see a vast aggregate of unconsecrated wealth and talent in our denomination which will certainly be struck out as wasted and lost in the great coming reckoning time. It has never been baptized, never been consecrated to God." . . .

In our Christian land, it usually costs little to be a follower of Christ, unless, indeed, the ardent devotion that marks a believer's life involves him in self-denial and reproach. To profess the faith of Christ is almost expected in our older, more settled communities, and a life generally consistent with our profession is no more than is demanded by public opinion. But it often costs a heathen the sacrifice of every thing once counted dear, to submit to Christian baptism and take his stand for the Lord Jesus. An illustration of this is given in *The Church Missionary Paper*, detailing the circumstances of a baptism in India : . . .

"During our stay, we were witnesses of the deeply interesting sight of a heathen youth making an open profession of Christianity, and bravely resisting all the entreaties and persuasions of his relatives and friends to induce him to recant. It was no sudden impulse. Even at the time of the cyclone, four years ago, when the sea-wave swept off 30,000 from this town and neighborhood, he had been greatly impressed by seeing a heathen relative, a teacher in the school, call upon the Lord Jesus in the hour of his extremity. For the last year or two, he has been in constant communication with the principal, who was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to call upon him to make a public declaration of his faith. The presence of two English clergymen was

deemed a fitting occasion ; and the youth having been, I presume, apprized of the step about to be taken, the principal, in the midst of an address or exposition with which the school daily opens, asked whether any of the students were prepared then and there to profess that faith in Christ which he believed many of them secretly entertained : if there were any one such, let him rise up now and say so. The youth, who appeared to be about seventeen or eighteen years old, rose from his place in the class, and on being asked if he really wished to be a Christian, said that he did, and was directed, in proof of his sincerity, to walk out in the presence of all his school-fellows and retire to the principal's house. Thither we shortly followed him, expecting that his friends would come to see him. About two hours after, a brother-in-law, a middle-aged man, apparently the most influential among his near relatives, came and said many taunting and many bitter things—'What could a lad like him know? Was he going to cause the death of his father and mother?' And then he bade him come with him. The youth refused, and he went away. We all breakfasted together ; the five or six Christian youths who board with the principal, and one of the native clergy, were with us. The poor youth seemed not a little distressed ; much had been said to pain him, and he doubtless expected more. We had hardly finished breakfast and prayers, when loud shrieks were heard outside. We all went out, and found the lad's mother shouting 'Nayana-a ! Nayana-a !' (the abbreviation of one of Vishnu's names,) with his elder brother, who is a Cutcherry peon, and about a dozen more. I was not so much struck with the mother's shrieks as I was with the apparent deep affection and concern of the elder brother. He said but little ; but the expression of his countenance,

as he stood and gazed with tears at his brother's face, was very touching. There was, however, no lack of speakers. The clever, taunting brother-in-law, and some of the rest of the party on the heathen side, the native clergyman and the Christian youths on our side, spoke for some time. These last

all felt, of course, the deepest sympathy, remembering each the day when he had passed through the same ordeal. They at last begged for their new brother, that the heathen party might be dismissed, as the strain would be greater than he could bear."

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